Tim and Tiny

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

this man who wrote to Abner about me."

"Perhaps he is a rich uncle," suggested Burt, in some excitement.

But Tim refused to get excited.

"I am not romantic," he said, "and I won't believe in the uncle until I see him."

At this juncture Whitton returned.

"The Spaniard is disposed of," he said, "and now we'll have a go at Darringer. He will be here directly."

Whitton seated himself at the desk, and hauled out some paper and pens and an imposing law book, and Burt and Tim took seats near the window. Hardly had they done so before a policeman brought in Abner.

He looked decidedly dilapidated after his night's imprisonment and he cast a doleful glance at the boys.

The policeman retired and left him standing in the middle of the room, and to add to his uneasiness, Whitton pretended not to notice him for a full minute. Then the detective closed the law book with a slam and said, severely:

"Your name is Abner Darringer, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," was the husky answer.

"You are a farmer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Married?"

"No, sir."

Whitton kept this up for some time, and apparently noted down all the answers until unhappy Abner was all in a flutter.

"Well, Darringer," said he, at length, "I suppose you know the penalty for the crime you have committed."

"What crime?" asked Abner, his knees knocking together, while Burt had all he could do to smother a chuckle.

"Sir," said Whitton, severely, "you are strangely dense. This young man informs me that you laid a plot to kidnap him. Is that true?"

"It is," said Tim, firmly.

Abner passed his hand over his forehead in a bewildered way, and then stammered out:

"Me? Why, what nonsense is this? Judge; you mustn't believe nothin' that boy tells you. I've ketched him in more fibs than you'd think possible."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Whitton. "This is a very serious charge. Mr. Baker, you hear your veracity impugned. Have you any denial to make or any further proof to offer?"

Tim was quick to take the cue.

"My friend here also overheard the plot."

"I did," said Burt, quickly rising to his feet.

Then he went on and related the conversation between Abner and Vincento, to the utter dismay of the old man.

"That will do," said Whitton, as he concluded.

Then he consulted the law book again with great gravity, and made numerous notes.

"The proof," said he, looking at Abner sternly, "is conclusive. The penalty is ten years."

"What!" cried Abner, staggering back against the wall. "Ten years in jail?"

"That's what I said. In consideration of your years it is only ten. I am sorry for you, old man, but you should have thought of this before. You had no inducement to commit this crime, and the punishment will be a lesson to you."

Abner sank into a chair.

"It will kill me," he moaned. "Oh, Betsy, Betsy! why didn't I take your advice and stay to home?"

Whitton tapped on a bell, and a policeman appeared.

"Take away the prisoner!" he commanded.

The policeman laid a hand on Abner, now limp as a rag, and had hauled him up to his feet, when Whitton seemed to be struck by a sudden thought.

"One moment, Jones. You may retire."

The policeman saluted and went out.

"Now Darringer, listen to me. I will give you a chance to escape the punishment you so richly deserve."

Chapter Twenty-Four

A SCHEME THAT DIDN'T WORK—TINY AGAIN

ABNER looked as if he could scarcely believe his ears. He stood erect, some color came back to his lips, and he stared at the supposed judge with open mouth.

"I have observed your evident remorse," began Whitton, bravely; "and I have also considered the effect that confinement may have on your health."

"Yes, yes," assured Abner, earnestly. "I really couldn't stand it, judge. If you ask Betsy, she'll tell you that I'm powerful weak at times. Tim'll tell you that, too, if he ain't too much prejudiced agin me."

"Never mind that," said Whitton, hastily, seeing that Tim was about to make an indignant remark. "I'll take your word for it. You are an old man, and I won't send you to prison if I can help it."

"Thank ye, judge."

"Hear me out. The decision as to whether or not you will go to jail rests with you."

"I don't understand, judge."

"You must do something in return for your liberty."

"I'll do anything, judge. I'm a poor man, but I won't stop at ten dollars—"

"I don't want money," interrupted Whitton, with an air of severity. "I simply ask that you do justice to that young man."

"Do you mean that boy Tim?" snapped Abner, viciously. "I ain't done him justice, ain't I? Just wait till I git him home."

"You don't seem to understand the situation of affairs, Darringer," said Whitton, sternly. "Under no circumstances can you ever make Mr. Baker return to your farm."

"You don't mean that, judge?"

"Yes, I do. You have forfeited all claim to his services, and if you wish him to withdraw this charge against you, I would advise you to reveal at once the name and address of the man who has been making inquiries about him."

Abner opened his mouth as if to say something, and then shut his jaws again with a snap. He looked furtively at Tim, scraped his chin thoughtfully with his hand, while his eyes twinkled viciously.

"He's going to lie," whispered Burt to Tim. "What man?" asked Abner, uneasily.

"Come, sir!" said Whitton, sharply; "don't try to deceive me. We overheard all you said to the Spaniard. There is a certain man looking for Tim Baker, and I want to know who he is and where he lives."

Abner approached the detective, and leaning over, said, in a confidential tone:

"Judge, that air information is worth five hundred dollars to me."

"I don't care what it is worth," retorted Whitton. "You must divulge it or go jail."

Abner looked up at the ceiling and down at the floor, scratched his head and bit his nails.

"Well," he said, slowly, and heaving a big sigh, "if I must, I suppose I must, but it ain't right, and you know it ain't. That boy cost me heaps of money—"

"No matter about that. Go on."

"The gentlemean's name is T. A. R., or something like that; and his address is some box in the postoffice."

"No trifling, sir!" exclaimed Whitton, angrily. "That is the story you told Vincento on the schooner, but you must not expect me to believe it."

"Did you hear me tell that to Vincento?" asked Abner, with a surprised look.

"We did."

"Well, what story did you expect me to tell? I can't tell nothin' but the truth, can I? I left the letter to home, and I can't tell you adzactly the number of that postoffice box, but if you let me go, I'll send it right down to you in a letter."

Whitton leaned back in his chair and looked at the old man in half-amused perplexity. He perceived that Abner was not telling the whole truth, yet he fully realized the almost impossibility of forcing a confession.

The secret was worth—or Abner thought it was—five hundred dollars, and that was an enormous amount of money to him. Plainly he wouldn't tell unless he actually saw the prison doors closing in upon him.

Whitton thought it over and saw no way out of the dilemma. He knew that he would have to let Abner go if the man continued obstinate, and yet he hated to acknowledge his defeat.

Tim and Burt were also on the anxious seat, but tried their best to hide their anxiety. As for Abner, he was getting more at ease every moment. Perhaps he had detected the trick; at any rate, he permitted a smile to drift over his face, as he looked sideways at Tim and Burt.

This silence lasted for nearly a minute, and then, just as Whitton was about to speak, the door opened and the policeman appeared.

He went over to Whitton and held a whispered consultation for two or three minutes. At its conclusion, the policeman sat down near the door and Whitton went out without saying a word.

All this was very mysterious, and, while Tim and Burt exchanged looks of surprise, Abner's face again assumed an alarmed aspect.

But there was nothing said by any one, and it seemed an hour before Whitton returned, although his absence could not have exceeded six minutes.

When he re-entered, his eyes twinkled even more than usual, and Burt nudged Tim again. Whitton resumed his seat.

"I believe you said T. A. R." he said, looking at Abner, keenly.

"Yes, sir," answered Abner, humbly.

"And you have the number of that box in a letter which you carelessly left at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you send me that letter, or a copy, if I let you go?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Abner, eagerly.

"Very well; you may go."

The boys looked at each other in amazement, and Abner seemed dazed at his good fortune; but he lost no time in getting out of the room, only lingering long enough to cast a malevolent look of triumph at the boys. In an instant they were on their feet.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Burt, indignantly. "You said you would get the secret out of him, and now you let him go scot free."

"Softly, young man," said Whitton, gently. "I know as well as you that he is lying; but I must make the best of a bad bargain. Abner wouldn't tell; but we will make him tell, all the same. When he leaves the station, he will be shadowed until he calls on the unknown."

"It won't do any good," said Tim, despairingly. "I have a presentment that I shall never know anymore than I do now."

"Have you?" said Whitton, cheerfully. "I am glad to hear it, because I never in all my career ever knew of a presentment being verified. Don't be alarmed. Abner is sharp; but if I am not sharper I'll resign from the force."

Just then there came a knock at the door; the big policeman appeared, and with him Tiny.

"Oh, you great, big, bad boy!" she cried, hugging Tim with all her strength. "Don't you know it's wrong to tell stories?"

"Stories!" repeated Tim, in surprise. "What did I say, Tiny, that wasn't true?"

"You said that you were coming to see me."

"So I am. Some day—"

"No, no," broke in Tiny, shaking her head until her curls looked like a shower of gold. "That won't do at all. Some day is no day. Come now. Our carriage is at the door, and I told papa I would bring you home with me."

"Did you?" exclaimed Tim, in alarm. "Now, Tiny, that was wrong. I really can't go today. Some day—"

"Then tomorrow," said Tiny, pleadingly. "Oh, Tim, do come!"

"Tim," interposed Burt, gravely, "you're a most uncommonly hard-hearted chap. How can you resist? Don't you see the little dear is half heartbroken over your refusal? Tim, old fellow, for my sake, don't make a donkey of yourself."

"I am sure he won't do that," said Whitton, with a smile. "He will go; I feel certain he will not carry his scruples so far as that. See! the little girl is crying."

So she was. Great tears were standing in her blue eyes. Tim surrendered at the sight.

"There, there!" he said, gathering her into his strong arms. "I'll come, Tiny—I'll come. Tomorrow afternoon, sure."

Tiny was at once all sunshine.

"I told papa you would," she cried, clapping her hands in delight. "Oh, I have so many things to show you! There's my pony, my dog, my— There now! I won't say another word, because I promised I wouldn't. Tomorrow, Tim—tomorrow!"

In another instant she was gone, leaving Tim as bewildered as if awakening from a dream.

"You must go with me," he said, turning to Burt.

"Of course," assented that young gentleman, with a grin. "This is a week of adventure, and I have promised to see you safely through it."

CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY

Extraordinary Boys

IT has been not alone when they had reached man's estate that many of the foremost men of the world have displayed their talents. Some of them began to give an indication of their genius in their youth, and had distinguished themselves among their fellows when younger than most of those who read this magazine.

Benjamin West showed that he was a born painter when only six years of age. In the month of June, 1745, one of his sisters, who was married, came with her baby daughter to visit her father. One day, while Benjamin was watching the baby as it slept, he saw it smile, and its beauty attracted his attention.

He looked at it with a pleasure which he had never before experienced, and observing some paper on the table, with red and black ink and pens, he seized them and drew the baby's portrait, although at that time he was only six years of age, and had scarcely ever seen a picture or engraving.

Just as he had completed the sketch, his mother and sister entered the room. Benjamin hid the picture, but they had observed his confusion, and, upon their promise not to be angry with him, showed it to them. It was an excellent likeness. Such was the commencement of the career of the foremost artist of his time.

Samuel Wesley, the great leader of the Methodists, was another man who was a precocious boy. In his earliest days he gave proof of his fondness for and devotion to music. When he was only four years of age he tried to play on the violin the King's Anthem and Fischer's Minuet, which he had picked up from an organ-grinder.

When but five years old he could tell, whenever his brother began to play, what music it was, and what part of the lesson—sonata or overture.

When Samuel was about eight years of age, Dr. Boyce called on his father, and said that he had heard there was an English Mozart at his house.

The doctor was shown a piece of music of Samuel's composition, and, after looking over it carefully, he declared:

"These airs are certainly some of the prettiest I have ever seen. The boy writes by nature as true a bass as I can by rule and study."

Samuel was much noticed after this, and played on the organ before quite large audiences and the first violin at private concerts. He loved punctuality nearly as much as he did music. He could never be prevailed upon to hear a concert at night. The moment the clock gave warning of the approach of eight, away he would run and ask his mother to go home, so that he might be in bed by eight o'clock.

Daines Barrington says that when he met the young genius, at the age of ten years, the boy could execute the most difficult works at sight on the piano, and his fingers never needed the guidance of the eye at the most difficult and rapid passages. His judgment on musical matters was renowned, and he was often consulted by artists and critics.

One of his compositions was played by the band of one of the foremost regiments in England, to the great admiration of those who heard it, few of whom knew that it was the work of a small boy.

He went once to a concert, and, after hearing the band play his composition, declared that their execution was faulty.

Sam was introduced to the members of the band, and said to them:

"You have not done justice to my composition!"

They answered the little urchin with astonishment and contempt:

"Your composition!"

Sam, however, replied with great serenity, "Yes, my composition!" which was confirmed by Mr. Barrington.

He then showed them their mistake and ordered the march to be played again, to which they submitted with as much deference as they would have showed Handel.

King Edward VI of England was a very bright boy. In his ninth year he wrote letters in Latin and French. Orations in Latin, composed by him at that age, are preserved in the British Museum.

Blaise Pascal, the famous mathematician, who was born in 1623, never had any teacher but his father. At the age of twelve he had taught himself geometry; without any books or instruction from others, and had written a very learned treatise on sound.

Joshua Gilpin, the son of a clergyman in the eighteenth century, although he did not attain the fame in mathematics achieved by Pascal, made such rapid progress in arithmetic as to be able, within three weeks from his acquaintance with it, to consider the extraction of a cube root or a square root nothing more than an amusement.

Isaac Watts' inclination for learning was displayed at a very early age. He began to learn Latin before he was five years old, and wrote verses when only eight. At the age of twenty-two he had composed the greater part of his hymns.

Sir Walter Scott, the author of the "Lady of the Lake," was another young poet. When he was nine years old his mother saw him, in the midst of a tremendous thunder storm, standing still in the street and looking at the sky. She called to him repeatedly, but he remained looking upward, without taking the least notice of her. When he returned to the house she was very much displeased with him.

"Mother," he said, "I could tell you the reason I stood still and looked at the sky, if you would give me a pencil."

She gave him one, and in five minutes he laid a piece of paper in her lap, with these lines written on it:

"Loud o'er my head what awful thunders roll,
What vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole!
It is Thy voice, my God, that bids them fly;
Thy voice directs them through the vaulted sky!
Then let the good Thy mighty power revere,
Let hardened sinners Thy just judgment fear!"

When Sir Isaac Newton was a boy he was found by his uncle in a hay-loft working out a mathematical problem. His uncle then sent him to school, where he discovered his great and varied talents.

Robert Hall, the preacher, had read "Butler's Analogy of Religion," as well as a number of other theological works, when he was nine years of age, and had written many essays, principally on religious subjects, and often invited his brothers and sisters to hear him preach.

Oddities and Novelties

Upon the arrival at a hospital of an old tramp who had met with an accident, one of the nurses put a thermometer in his mouth to take his temperature. Later when the house-surgeon made his rounds he asked, "Well, my man, how do you feel?"

"I feel all right, sir."

"Have you had anything to eat yet?"

"I had a little, sir."

"What did they give you?"

"A lady gimme a piece of glass ter suck, sir!"

* * *

A small boy who had scratched his name on the enamel of a standing motor-car had been cuffed by the motorist for his pains. His wailings attracted a crowd, through which his father elbowed a path, exclaiming in furious tones,

"'Oo struck my boy? Show 'im to me—show me the man 'oo struck my boy!"

The motorist stood up; he was six-foot-two in his socks and forty-nine round the chest.

"I did," he said.

"Serve him right, sir!" said the man, touching his cap. "And I'll give the varmint another when I get 'im 'ome!"

* * *

The father of a little girl who was always very timid, finding that sympathy only increased this unfortunate tendency, decided to have a serious talk with his little daughter on the subject of her foolish fears.

"Papa," she said at the close of his lecture, "when you see a cow ain't you 'fraid?"

"No, certainly not, Evelyn."

"When you see a horse ain't you 'fraid?"

"No, of course not."

"When you see a dog ain't you 'fraid?"

"No," with emphasis.

"When you see a bumble-bee, ain't you 'fraid?"

"No!"—with scorn.

"Ain't you 'fraid when it thunders?"

"No!"—with loud laughter.

"Oh, you silly, silly child! Why should I be afraid?"

"Papa," said Evelyn solemnly, "ain't you 'fraid of nothing in the world but mamma?"

* * *

Some sportsmen were examining an old shotgun of murderous build. It looked as if it would be an effective weapon against anything less than an elephant, and its owner was boasting of its power with that scorn of fact which is allowed the successful hunter. "Doesn't it kick like anything?" asked one. "Oh, yes, it kicks hard," said the owner, "but that's the beauty of it! Why, once I shot at a grizzly that was charging me! I missed him and on he came with a rush. If it had not been that the gun kicked me so far back that I had time to reload I shouldn't have been here to tell the story!"

* * *

In a crowded train a stout woman with a troublesome small boy had to stand with other "strap-hangers." "Your little boy is crying dreadfully," remarked a sympathetic lady; "whatever is the matter with him?"

"Nothin'," replied the mother sharply, "'e allus hollers when 'e sees me with a strap!"

* * *

"What animal is satisfied with the least nourishment?" asked a natural history teacher. "The moth," replied a student confidently. "It eats nothing but holes!"

* * *

"Why are you like my watch?" was the conundrum asked by a young man of the girl who had attracted him.

"I don't know," was the indifferent reply.

"Oh, because you are pure gold you know!"

"And why are you like my watch?" she asked.

"I don't know."

"Because you keen stopping and never go!"